

Idiot

by Link's Little Brother

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Summary: You weren't supposed to jump in the way for me.

Idiot

I didn't think it would happen. It all happened fast, too fast, almost like a blur. Maybe it didn't even happen.

But of course it did.

The proof is in the usually beautiful Spirit with blood seeping out of his chest. Black sand is scattered around his body from the impact.

"J-JACK!" My voice comes out strangled, but I pay no mind to that. I drop down to my knees and put my hands over the heavily bleeding wound, applying pressure to slow the bleeding.

A small, painful chuckle emits from the other. "Come on, Hic... You know I'm immortal." His voice is faint.

"That doesn't mean you jump in front of that arrow for me! What if you can die, Jack?!" I shout, now noticing the tears streaming down my cheeks.

No response, but I could hear him breathing softly. Knowing the attacker was gone, I use all of my strength to pick Jack up and carry him home. Only now do I notice he had fallen unconscious.

Once I reach my destination, I gently place his body on a wooden table clear of items. Immediately I rush to work on his wound, taking off his hoodie and cleaning it before wrapping him in bandages.

Once done, I pull up a chair next to the table, watching him and all his details.

Locks of his white hair is falling over his eyes, his arms and hands in front of him. His face is peaceful and his breathing is gentle, as if he is asleep.

I grip his hand. "Oh, Jack... Why would you do that? Idiot..." I sigh. "I love you..."

I lie my head down on my arm on the table, my eyes slipping shut.

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I don't know how long I was out, but when I wake, all I feel is pain. My body still feels asleep, though I don't want to move it in the first place. I observe my surroundings, recognizing it as Hiccup's home.

I notice the young Viking asleep, his head in his arms, resting on the table I am lying down on. One of his hands is on my own, and it looks like he had been gripping it tightly before.

Judging by the dark surroundings, it is nighttime.

I let my gaze rest on the ceiling, going over what had happened.

Pitch had attacked me with a surprise approach, so I fought back. Hiccup had tried to assist, but Pitch quickly threw him off to the side roughly. But he saw how much I care for the brunet, so he shot an arrow at Hiccup.

I remember promising Hiccup that I would protect him at all costs... And I plan on keeping that, no matter what.

My thoughts drift away from my mind as I hear Hiccup stirring from his sleep. I look down at him, seeing his eyes flicker open.

"Jack...?" He mumbles, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes cutely as he sits up.

"Hey, Hic." I chuckle, sitting up. A jolt of pain goes through my body, releasing a small grunt of pain.

Hiccup immediately focuses at that. "Hey, hey, don't strain yourself." He urges, gently pushing me back down.

"Nah, I'm fine." I force myself not to wince as I sit up, gently swinging my legs off of the table. Only now do I realize that I have no hoodie on. My torso is wrapped in bandages, covering where I recall the wound is.

Hiccup stands up, gently taking my arm, as if steadying me. "Thank you for doing that... But you shouldn't have done it. Now you're hurt."

I roll my eyes. "Come on, you know I couldn't live with myself if you got hurt."

The brunet sighs, rubbing the side of his head. "You're an idiot."

"But you love me for it."

That earns a smile from the other. I love his smile.

Hiccup leans forward to steal a kiss from my lips.

My hands go up to his hair, tangling in the auburn strands.

I feel his hands gently place on my back, wary of the wound.

After who knows how long, the kiss is broken due to the lack of air.

I lean forward to let our foreheads rest against each other, soft pants escaping both of us.

"I love you, you know that?" I hum after catching my breath.

"Of course I do. And I only return the feelings." Hiccup teases.

We both laugh, simply resting in each other's arms, taking in each other's body temperature.

It just felt perfect.

\*\*...\*\*

\*\*This was basically made to compete against The Dum Shibe, who is my awesome IRL friend and I highly recommend you check his stories out.\*\*

\*\*Until next time!\*\*

\*\*-LLB\*\*

End  
file.